

# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1884.

[No. 3.

## UNDER THE CLOUD.

Persons having a sad heart and a gloomy face are said to be under a cloud. To be under a cloud, like the girl in the picture, cannot be very pleasant.

This little girl seems to have found her lesson too hard for her, so she puts on a pitiful face, and life looks very dismal indeed. If she would only pluck up courage and study hard for a little while, the lesson would be learned, the clouds would fly, and the sunshine burst forth.

No one can look upon a sad, dejected countenance without being uncomfortable. We don't want to come near it, if we can avoid it. And who amongst us likes the company of those afflicted with the blues? We like them to keep a good way off. The sour, cloudy, pouty face of a young girl is the most unnatural and uncomely sight upon which it is possible for one to gaze. A look like that in the picture is enough to turn all the sweetness in one's nature into the most biting acid. We hope that the readers of the *Sunbeam* will avoid getting under the cloud of a fretful, sour, and dissatisfied disposition. If any should find themselves caught under it, the quicker they get out of that condition the better for themselves and others.



UNDER THE CLOUD.

of things. The looks of these poor souls force one to the conclusion that they were born under a shadow. Such unfortunate souls deserve some sympathy, but there is no excuse for keeping under the cloud, though it caught them at the very threshold

of their being. By continued effort, with the help of God, the worst conditions of life may have more sunshine than cloud. "For the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

## MODESTY REWARDED.

During the time of the famine in France, a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house and said to them:

"In this basket is a loaf for each one of you; take it; come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children seizing the basket wrangled and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill behaved and Francesca

this time received a loaf that was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home, her sick mother cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins.

The mother was alarmed, and said